

The Upward Look

The Big Little Things

It is a characteristic trait of mankind to desire to do something great—something that will call for public attention and make our name popular in our community. The little "homely" tasks which are performed by us unnoticed by anyone, save probably the home folks, are the duties that most of us have a tendency to shirk. And yet the performing of these big little things, does the true spirit, makes all the difference between happiness and discontent in the home. Here is an illustration of what we mean by the big little things:

"It was after supper, and the big boy was stretched comfortably out on the sofa, and he could see the yellow light stretching across the level fields to the water. He was weary, but the two little boys coming suddenly out of the door, didn't know that. All they knew was that he was giving them lessons and this was his leisure hour."

"The big brother looked at the boys reluctantly an instant, then, sitting upright, all attention, he began to beat time. The little boys, standing straight and serious, rolled out their rattles upon the quiet of the evening. He criticized and made them again and yet again, and then he finished as usual with his lesson. He had beaten the march for many years, and sending its rousing notes up and down the valley, till he struck against the hills and echoed back to the delighted children."

"Back went the drums to their places in the hall and off to bed went the youngsters, content, leaving the big brother in the hammock, content."—M. M. R.

Day When Everything Goes Wrong

With the Household Editor.

"WHAT farm woman has not experienced 'the day when everything goes wrong'?" Probably the night before we have worked late and new dress for Nellie, and the morning tired and unfit for our duties. Determined, however, to get through a big day's work, we get out to both wash and bake. In bustling around gathering the weekly wash and mixing the dough, the porridge is neglected and becomes badly scorched. The milk somehow gets chilled and fails to curdle. The men have forgotten to get in the rinsing water for the week and we have to make several trips from the distant pump, laden with pails of water. Soon the clock points to a quarter of twelve, the fire won't burn, dinner isn't cooked on time, and we are on the verge of hysteria."

"For whom should we lay the blame everything going topsy-turvy? Are ourselves not to blame? In the place we were unfitted for our day by working overtime previous evening. Then we tried to do two big jobs, baking and washing, into one forenoon. Another reason why we should blame ourselves is because we were working without labor saving conveniences, for no water on tap. As a rule, men folk are blamed for not saving conveniences in the home, but not the fault of the women, too, for we do not realize that these conveniences are not necessary if we are

to do our duty to our family and ourselves.

Women as a class tend to be more saving than menfolk and hesitate to spend money for anything that they feel that they can do without. At times, however, we believe that spending is a good way to save—at least when we spend to purchase labor-saving devices. They save time, health, and make work a pleasure. And it's worth the money in the bank to a man to have his wife happy and satisfied with her home and surroundings. Two things, then, we should keep in mind,—first, that in order to keep ourselves up to date as light as possible, and second, that labor savers are not luxuries, but necessities. If we keep these ideas before us, "the day when everything goes wrong," should not occur very frequently.

OUR HOME CLUB

"A Rolling Stone"

I AM one of the subjects of the hired man problem, having just got back to the land after working for over 30 years in the towns and cities of this country, the United States. My boss takes Farm and Dairy, and as I have a little time at night and on Sunday for reading I have become greatly interested in your discussions of the hired man problem.

The young man I work for is 37 years old, and although a fine young man in every particular, he has never been long out of this neighborhood. Both his education and his experience have been very limited. His wife is a daughter of a neighboring farmer, and is not without some accomplishments. She plays and sings a little, but is rather poorly educated, and has never seen the world outside of an occasional trip to visit her city cousins. They appear to live very happily together.

For myself I am 50 years of age, and was born and brought up on an Ontario farm. I received a good public school education, and afterward helped my father on farming operations until I was twenty years old. I then decided to strike out for myself and engaged with a max, in a neighboring town to learn the plasterers' trade. Since then I have indeed been a rolling stone, and have never spent two years in the same place since completing my apprenticeship.

It is said that travelling is a good educator, and I think this is especially true on this continent. If one goes to the newer districts he will there see men from all over the world who have been attracted to this continent. In the West I have seen the Cooks and Menonites living in their villages and drive out to their farms just as they do in their native country. In San Francisco I have seen the Chinaman sections in which the Chinaman and Japs have duplicated oriental life as nearly as can be on this continent. In the 30 years of my travels I have met all kinds of men and seen life under a great many aspects. In short, I have received at least some of the benefits derived from travelling.

During my travels I also had an opportunity of seeing some of the best plays and hearing some of the best lecturers. As I usually received good wages I could well afford to spend considerable for my own amusement. I have also been a wide reader, and having had free access to the public libraries of the cities in which I have worked, I have become tolerably familiar with some of our best authors, and have derived a little into philosophy and sociology. I have even done a little speaking for the Socialists and feel somewhat confident

of being able to hold my own upon a public platform."

Well this spring, when conditions got so bad in the city, I found myself out of employment. I was too old to enlist, though I should very much like to have done so. Hearing, through the Patriotic and Production Campaign that the man who helped till the land was rendering as great a service to the Empire as the one who fought in the trenches, I decided to go out into the country and get a job on the farm. As a result I am now, as I said, working for a young man.

Though I had been brought up on a farm I felt a little awkward at first in doing those things with which I was once so familiar. I had forgotten a good deal about farming in 30 years. However, it soon came back to me, and I believe that I am now giving good satisfaction and being looked upon as a good farm laborer. It is said that no social distinctions exist in the country, but, curiously enough, the only unsatisfactory part of my farming experience is of a social nature. When I first came out here my boss and his wife were greatly interested in the stories I told them concerning my experience. In fact I was looked upon in this neighborhood as a man of considerable information. I soon found that when the neighbors called at the house they would collect around me in order



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